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Mary E. Stockle



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JOHNNIE'S WAR DIARY

THE
ADVENTURES
OF A CAVALRY
TROOPER

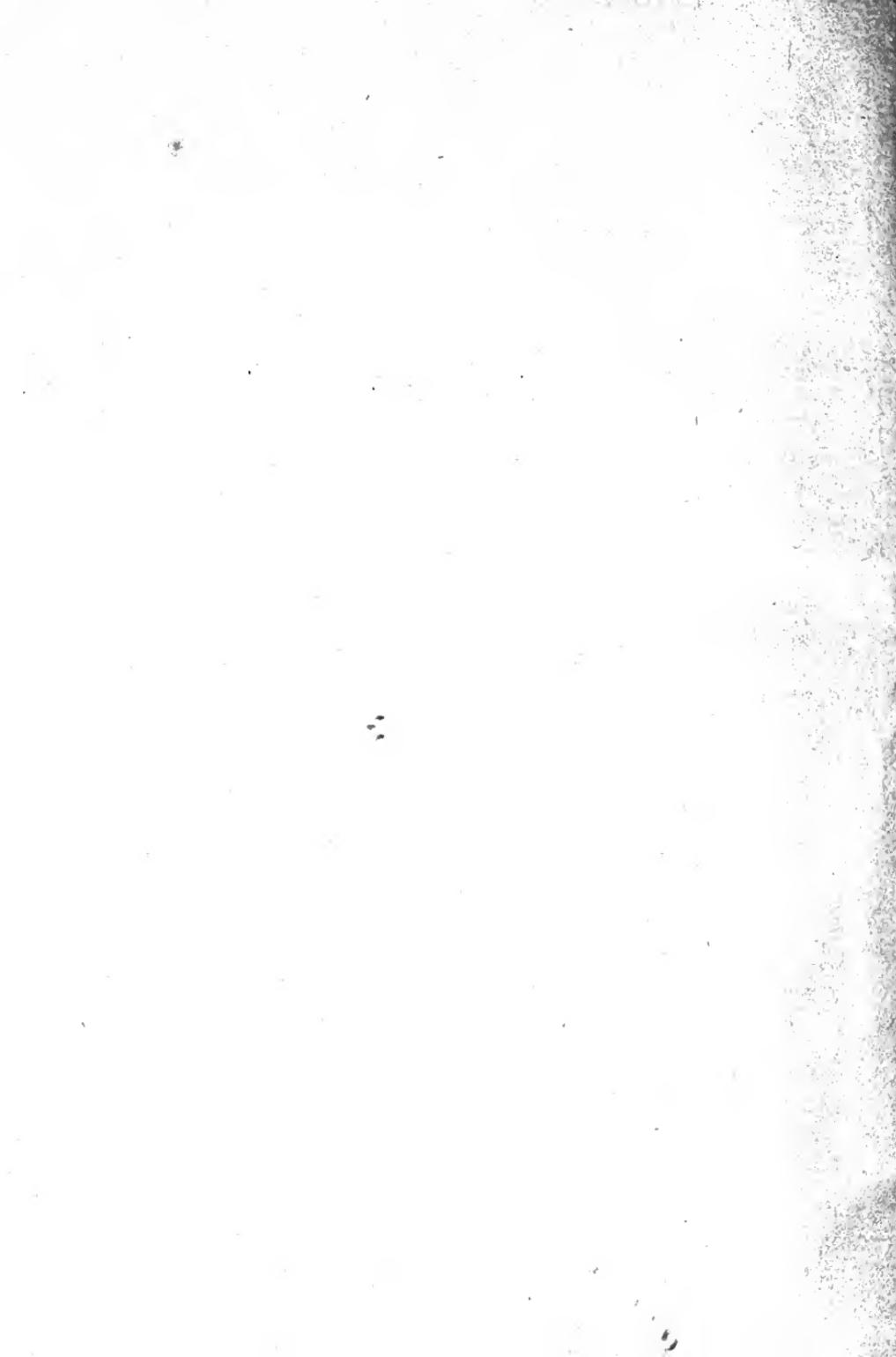
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FRANKLIN
CUMMINGS

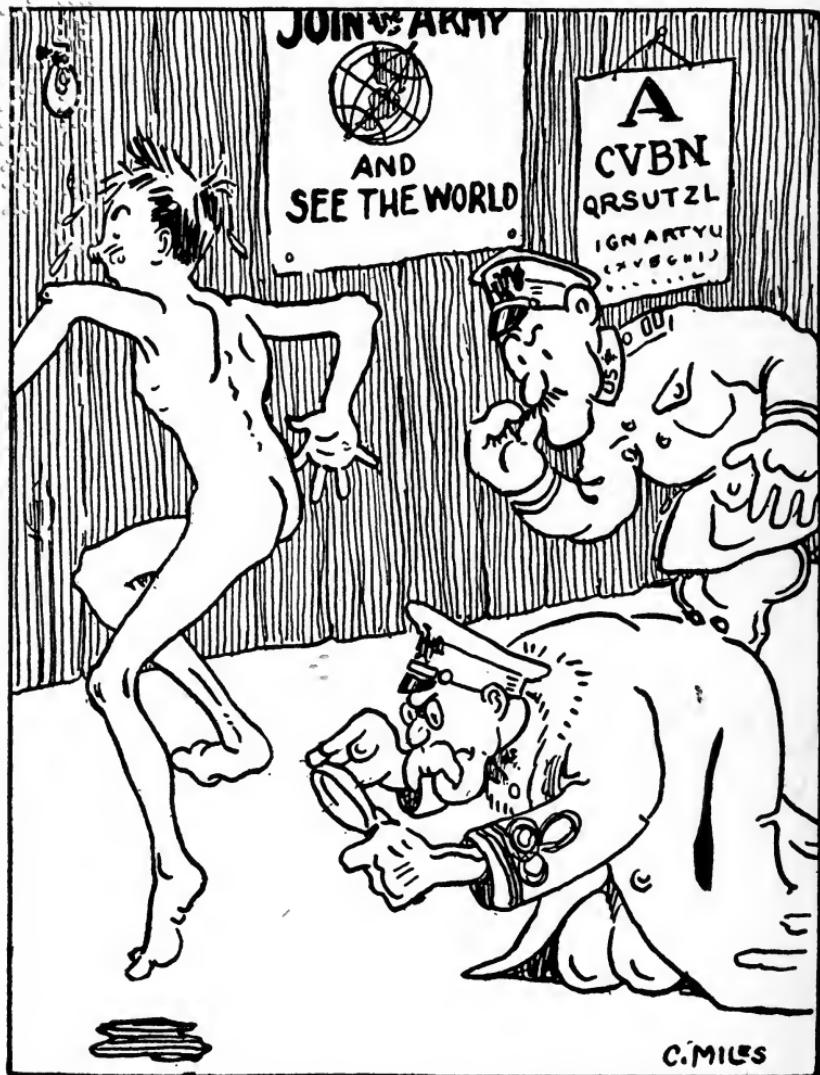


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*"And then I hopped on my big toe,
Just to show how fast I cud go."*

JOHNNIE'S WAR DIARY

Being
the Adventures of a
Cavalry Trooper

JOHNNIE'S
WAR DIARY
OF
CALIFORNIA
BY
FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

Illustrated by
CHARLES MILES.



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA,
LEDERER, STREET AND ZEUS CO.,
1919

THE
WIND
MUSICIAN

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BY FRANKLIN CUMMINGS.

Gift of
Mary E. Stockle

To

MARY ELIZABETH SIBERT,

Who wore seven service stars.

M10458

"Johnnie's" letters have brought real amusement and pleasure to the readers of the DAILY CALIFORNIAN for many months. The campus looked forward each day to finding another letter setting down in Johnnie's way some new experience, fancied or real. Johnnie has often paraded the traditions and daily life of the University before us in such a way as to amuse us and at the same time set us thinking about their proper relation to university life. Johnnie has amused, ridiculed, scolded, praised and sometimes condemned episodes in the ordinary life of the student body. He has been good for us and for the University. It is well that the best of his letters are to be collected and put into readable and permanent form. Johnnie has made a place for himself in the great body of University tradition and history. He has added a measure of joy and instruction.

K. C. Leebrick.

FOREWORD

IN CREATING the character of Johnnie, my aim has been primarily to amuse. All popular ideas to the contrary, there is no group of individuals anywhere in our national life quite so prone to a healthy sense of humor as an undergraduate body of college students. It was with the view of satisfying to some small extent this irresistible desire to laugh shared by my college fellows of all classes that I have created a naive and unsophisticated Johnnie and made him perform during a period of two years for the college audience of my own University.

Johnnie is an anomaly, an oddity, who has at all times the saving grace of an enlarged sense of humor. The experiences he relates are pretty generally and faithfully taken from the author's own experiences. There is little continuity of plot or action. The spelling is consciously exaggerated, and may be taken to imply a travesty on the woeeful state of our own spelling here in college. The letters have been hurriedly written and without regard to any poetical form or metre other than the doggerel rhyme scheme followed throughout.

In sending the little volume to the press, I wish to make grateful acknowledgement to Dr. K. C. Leebrick of the History department for his warm encouragement and good counsel, to Charles Miles of the class of 1919, who has contributed his time and talent to the illustrating of Johnnie's experiences, to "Gus" Gustafson of the L. S. & Z. staff, who has always been ready with his store of experience to help in planning the makeup, to Paul L. Piota, who has deprived himself of his typewriter that Johnnie might grow, and to my old friend and classmate, "Poko" Harter, who has always lent a patient ear to each new story, and whose rare good judgment and frank reactions have proven an indispensable criterion.

F. C.

Berkeley,
April 17, 1919.

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JOHNNIE ENLISTS

May 27

Dere dierry, I'm a Raw Rekroot,
Reddy to fite the Germun broot.
To-day at the rekrooting stashun
I sined up for to serve the nashun.
Pattritzm fired my soul,
When I did reech this yerned
for goal.
For six weeks two raw eggs I'd et
Eech meel in hoaps that I wud get
Reel fat in order to enlist
And Unkle Sammy's boyze assist.
Raw eggs are very nawziating
And set the stommick palpitating.
I took them furst one Sunday nite
And failed to stir the yellow and
white
To-gether, so they wudn't slide
Reel eeyz on their downward glide,
But stuck within my throat. The
yoke
Did make me snort and girgle
and choke
Until I had to outdores fly
And bid those eggs a fond good-
bye.
They fell and struck the ground
reel fast
But missed a lady's hat going past.
Sence then I've took my eggs
beet up
With Sherry wine in my Shaving
cup.
But still I never gayned no wate
And thot I wudn't hezzitate
No more, so to-day I appered
At the Rekrooting office, afeard
Only that beeing as I waz thin
Mite mabbe delay my getting in,

Or beeing as I'm so awful small,
They mite not let me in a-tall.
But I thot perhaps the Kalverry
Wud be a sootable branch for me,
So I up and shook the Sargent's
fist
And sed, "I gess I wanna enlist."
He took my name and all the datta
Of my berth and what had bin the
matter
With paw's great grandma when
she died
And I sed I thot twuz sooicide,
And what maw's name was 'fore
she married,
And whether paw insurants carried,
And so on, then I took a shower,
And cum forth, a sweet smelling
flower.
A kore of doctors viewed me,
wateing,
My neckked thinness kontemplating.
One of them thumped my ribs and
sed,
"S'matter, kid, are you underfed?",
And he made me mutter "Ninety-
nine",
Az his hand run jagged down my
spine.
The next one, with a eer trumpet,
Lissened at my hart and thumped it.
The cold steel next my beeting
skin
Waz like the jab of a safety pin.
My goose flesh roze twice normal
size,
And that doktor seemed to be
all ize.
He sez, "Left Pulmennerry nerviss,"

And pushed me off. Twuz speedey serviss.

The next one jammed me in the jaw,
(Which reminded me of deer old paw).

"Open your mouth, stick out your tungue,"

These words to me he harshly flung.

In my throat a spoon he poked about, And sed, "Those tonsells must cum out."

I thot as how I'd done no wrong, And then he sent me flying along To a fat man, who did clasp my arm With sum skweezers, and with grate alarm

I saw the flesh bulge out and kwiver, Which made me week down in my liver.

Next they made me bend way over, Like playing Leep Frog in the clover, I hoaped the fat dock wudn't fall On me, but twuzn't that at all. Insted he made me close my eers, Then whispered faint, "How many beers?"

At leest twuz this in my beleef, But they laffed and sed that I waz deef.

Next they brot me a bag of wool, Which waz with kolored yarnings full.

I picked up one I thot wuz red But twuz vermullin, so they sed. And then I hopped on my big toe, Just to show how fast I cud go. I hopped to the wall and then hopped back

And I thot my toe wud surely crack. I waz a reel esthettick site Like Afroditee, Kween of Nite. And then they wayed me. I surmize I'd lost ten pounds frum that exercize.

But they all confurred and all agreed That I cud ride a broke down steed, And so, before they changed their mind,

I grabbed what cloathes as I cud find, And hollered, after I made my vow, "Hooray, I'm in the armee now." So long, dere dierry, I will write In you agen sum other nite.

PNEUMONIA POINT

May 31.

Dere dierry, I'm in kakky now,
And have took my final oath and
vow.

On Wensday we cum on a bote
To Angle-Iland. Feer and hope
Waz mingled in our beeting blud,
As we herd the steemer's enjuns'
thud.

A multitood waz on the decks,
And all waz of the maskilline sex.
We waz herded on this bote like
kattle
And we felt the thrill of going to
battle.

But when Angle-Iland hove in view,
A homesick feeling in me grew.
Thouzands waz there, all Raw
Rekroots,

Most of them in civilian soots.
We waz drove to the Receeving
stashun

To tell our age and last vocashun,
Then we waz drove to the big Mess
Hall,

Where a meel waz swallowed down
by all.

And then they made us take a
shower,

And stand in the cold wind haff a
hour.

I shiverred and shook in ev'ry joint,
When the Sargent sez, "Pnoomonia
Point."

On we waz drove a mile or two,
Twaz cold, no vegettashun grew.
But suddenly at the foot of a hill,
A lot of tents did rize and fill
The landscape. "Ah", to myself
I sed,

"Perhaps they'll let us go to bed."
But first they parsselled the blankets
out,

Which took two hours. We stood
about,
Chattering our teeth, huddled to-
gether,
Beeing az it waz such freezing
wether.

And then we skrambled for thoze
tents,
The flock of skramblers waz so
dense,

I got the last tent down the hill,
Where the oshun did its wavelets
spill.

Five of us entered this flapping
place,

And a hideous grin cum on eech
face

When we saw grate piles of grit
and dust

On our bed tiks. O I almost cussed!
And then an unkind sargent
hollered,

"Get fresh straw for your tiks,"
I follered

The crowd. We climed a grate
long hill,

And with wet straw did our bed
tiks fill.

Fin'lly we got back to the tent,
Having two hours and a kquarter
spent

In feeding bed tiks. O I aked!
And my body waz with sand doons
caked,
Which filled my eers, my throat,
my noze,
And sifted way down to my toes.

At last I entered my bed of down
 With my cloathes on, for my new
 nite gown
 Waz lost in a sand doon. Down I
 laid
 And nachur's call to rest obeyed.
 But alas! the noizes of the nite
 Waz many, slumber took her flite,
 And I laid in the dark a-shivering,
 Bloody othes in my tik delivering.
 The wind cum howling under my
 tent,
 It waz a fearful nite I spent.
 The tent did creek and groan and
 rock
 Till I thot the wind wud shurely
 knock
 It over. There I grimly lay,
 Too skeart to move, too skeart to
 pray.
 In the next bed tik, sumbody snored,
 Far and nere the rumblings roared.
 Sweet sleep left me and ne'er
 returned,

Only a madness in me burned.
 At half past four, when all waz
 still,
 A bugle blew from off the hill.
 I got up, stiff in ev'ry joint,
 Frum having bin on Pnoomonia
 Point.

* * * *

To-day they giv us our ekwipment
 Out of a seckund handed shipment.
 My blowze waz bilt for Prezident
 Taft,
 Even the Q. M. Sargent laffed.
 Altho' my waste is twenty-aite,
 An undiskrimminating fate
 Handed me pants size forty-four,
 They sed they hadn't enny more.
 Also my leggins and my shoes
 Iz enuff to give a feller the blues.
 Next time I write, I'll be more
 cheery,
 At present I am awful weery.



IN QUARANTINE

June 10.

Dere dierry, we cum last Saterday
To our army post in Monteray.
I'm getting used to looking so big
In this everlasting army rig.
But my hat high on my hed doze set
Like a bunyon, sense I got it wet.
Tiz that which fusses me the most,
And makes me look like Hamlet's
ghoast.
I've developped a good appytite,
And I allus look a ravennus site,
Seeing az my army blowze hangs
loose,
And gapping like a kalaboose.
They've put us here in kwaranteen
Out in sum tents, where kwite
unseen,
We're lerning how to do Rite Face,
And turn within a narrow space.
At midnite, sleeping hevvily,
The bugle blows for Revilly,
And we haff to run out in the frost,
And they call the roll to see who's
lost,
And eech fellow doze his elbow jut
Into the next guy's empty gut.
When this iz done it iz a sine
That there iz a horizontel line.
Revilly thro', we grab our mess-
kits
For our otemeel and our soggy
biskits.
They slam it on the plate to-gether,
And it tastes just like dilooted
lether.
Altho' the taste of it iz pore,
I gobbel it up and go for more.
After brekfust, two hours iz spent

In "poleecing up" around the tent.
To "poleece up" means to walk
bent over,
Like hunting for a fore-leef klover,
And pick up all the cigerret buts,
Lying within the grooves and ruts.
To-day the Sargent blew his
whissel,
Which pricks just like a thorny
thissel,
And, when we'd poked eech others'
guts,
He hollers loud: "Which of you
muts
Haz bin to kollidge? Anser kwick!"
With feverish joy I most grew sick.
Eeger to show my higher knollidge,
I up and piped, "I've bin to
kollidge."
The Sargent sneered, "You are the
man,
Go and empty the garbidge can."
However I beet the rest at drill,
And think I cud a Germun kill.
My tentmates are a splendid groop,
Well fitted for a Kalvery troop.
Bill 'Ammon waz a chariott racer
In Wringling's. He can ride a
pacer
Of enny kind. Then there's Sour
Sam,
Who says that he don't giv' a damm
For enny hoss or man or gun,
For he punched cows at Bloody
Run.
And there's Jim Mahooney tended
bar
In Okeland at a place not far

From where we useter go to kollidge,
Of hiz cokktails I hav' had sum
knollidge.

We are a hardy, sturdy krew,

For the Germuns we will trubble
brew.

Goodby, dere dierry, tatoo's blown,
And I must lie me down and moan.



TUCKER GETS A BATH

June 12.

Dere dierry, I've bin vaxxinated,
 My arm is shure illuminated,
 Its purpel and its swole and sore,
 And they're going to do it two
 times more.

O the suffring I've underwent!
 O the painful hours I've spent!
 All bekawze of that prikkly scratch,
 At the time I reely didn't attach
 Much importance to that needle's
 bite,
 But now as I look at what a site
 My arm iz, az I feel the throbbing,
 Az I watch my mussels kwivvering,
 bobbing

In anguish, I feel full convickshun
 That small things can cawze lots
 of frickshun.

That needle haz a fever started,
 Also my brekfust haz departed.
 My throat iz sore, my feet have
 chills,
 And rumblings my inteerior fills.
 I'm writing this with my left hand,
 That's why my letters drunken
 stand.

Now I must tell (and I aint
 joshing)

How Tucker got a sure-enuff wash-
 ing.

Tucker's the laziest hound on erth,
 And he's ornery and he izn't worth
 The beens he eats. (Lord! he
 can stuff,

Fore helpings and that aint enuff).
 Pore Tucker hails from Arkinnaw,
 Where they drafted him to go to
 wah.

This kweer bird iz seven feet tall,

But he'z teerful like he's going to
 bawl,
 And his mouth hangs open like
 a kazm,
 He's a ignerrent hunk of proto-
 plazm.
 He aint got a thimbelful of branes,
 And he's allus groanin' 'bout his
 pains.
 When they pick him for a work
 detail,
 He'z allus there with his rhoomatiz
 wail.
 But the wurst thing 'bout this
 hayseed roob
 Iz that the everlasting boob
 Don't harken to the water's call,
 So when he into bed doze krawl
 At nite the oder iz so awful,
 We decided az it wazn't lawful
 For us to suffer while he snored,
 So we appointed a judgment board.
 At furst we waz patient, verry
 nice,
 We went to Tucker and warned
 him twice
 To rinse himself in soap and
 water
 Just like a human beeing otter.
 But he plumb forgot our good
 advice,
 And so he had to pay the price.
 We waked him frum a gurgling
 slumber,
 And moved him like a piece of
 lumber
 Out to the shower room in the
 nite,
 The Sargent sed it waz all rite.

Pore Tucker knew he had met his
doom
When we pushed him in the shower
room.
He howled and kicked and yelled
in frite,
But we waz firm and held on tite.
And there in spite of Tucker's
wrath,
We giv' him a *honest-to-goodness*
bath.
We stuck him in that icey shower,
And held him in it over a hour.
Pore Tucker gasped and lost his
breth,

And thot he'd met hiz certain
deth.
We brot him to with a skrubbing
brush
And made hiz tuff hide bloom and
blush.
When we got throo' he smelled
reel sweet,
He wud hav pleezed the most eleet.
But hiz skin, tho pink, iz raw and
tender
Frum the bathing that we had to
render.
Goodby, my hand doze kramp
me so,
I just can't move it to and fro.

THE PIPES OF PAN

June 18.

Dere dierry, the Y. M. C. A.
 Arranged to hav a littel play
 Last nite inside the army chappel,
 Also they give us eech a appel
 At the doreway. Twaz a reel nice
 show,
 And put us all in a frendly glow.
 Furst sumbody rendered a hymm,
 Which made my eyes with teers
 to swim.
 And then my hairs on end did raze
 As "China and its Waterwayze"
 Was thrown before us on the
 skreen,
 The thrilingest pitcher I hav seen.
 And then sum guy in a skweekey
 voice
 Spoke on "Christiannity's Choice".
 He raved and ranted and told as
 how
 We must keep clean to win this
 row.
 I thot az how we had done our bit
 In skrubbing Tucker to make
 him fit.
 And then a fat lady cum and sung,
 Our harts in sympathy waz wrung.
 "O tell my daddy, wont he pleze
 take care,
 For his baby prays at twilight
 For her daddy over there."
 When she got throo we klapped so
 loud,
 Agen she cum before the krowd,
 And rendered "Sweet Little
 Buttercup",
 Our soals the sweet sounds gobbled
 up.

And tho' the applawze did most
 die down,
 Six more she sung in her evening
 gown,
 A look of eckstacy on her face,
 Her arms stretched outward in
 embrace.
 And then the biggest akt of enny
 Waz pulled to thrill the soals
 of many.
 They called this skit, "The Pipes
 of Pan,"
 And when the curtin roze, to
 a man
 We gasped and bulged our eyes
 to see
 This tale of woodland eckstacy.
 "Pan" waz a lady six feet tall
 Who waz hopping to the wood-
 land's call.
 Her skinny limms waz clad in tites
 Az she hopped among the elves
 and sprites.
 The tites waz pink and Pan did run
 Madly around the wood in her fun.
 In her hands she clasped a hot
 water bottle
 Held to her mouth as if to throttle
 Its music, and her fingers played
 In harmony as her body swayed.
 She hopped, she leeped, she jumped,
 she ran,
 And we waz breathless to a man.
 Her body wud bow down to the
 ground,
 And then she'd mount by a leep
 and bound
 Up to where the dogberries hung,
 And the hot water bottle sizzled
 and sung.

Eech limm' did kwivver as she
roze,
Showing the kontours of her hoze,
But once as at the trees she did
rush
An auddible rip did bring a hush.
And then another object ran,
It waz the left tite of poor Pan.
It ran from her hip down to
her toe,
Then up the hill agen did go.
It ran until the men burst out
In cheering and a thunderous
shout.

And Pan waz so tremendous
pleezed
That her art had thus the
awedience seezed,
She cum back and she danced
agen,
Which cawzed a uproar among
the men.
We went home laffing at pore
Pan,
Thinking of how her stocking ran.
Goodby, dere dierry, I must go,
I think I hear the mess call blow.



JOHNNIE'S FIRST RIDE

June 24.

Dere dierry, let fuchur ages reed
Of how I rode a prancing steed.
This morning the Captain did
decide
"You men must go for a hoss-
back ride."
My teeth did rattle at this news,
My soal waz dampened by the
blues,
My hart waz still and filled with
gloom,
Az I thot of my impending doom.
I waz so week I waz hardly abel
To clime that long hill to the stabel.
But up we dragged with silent tred,
Up to the stabel, sickened with
dred.
I glimpsed those hosses with bated
breth,
Beeing az I waz skeart to deth.
The Sargent, seein' me standing
about,
Razed his voice in a terribul shout,
"You dammed numskullion, get
you a hoss,"
I thot he needn't hav bin so cross.
Dutifully I went to obtain
A hoss what had a yellow mane,
Which hoss did eye me kwizzickley,
Whereby I weekened fizzickely.
I gingerly stepped to reech its hed
And in a gentle whisper sed,
"Nice hossie, pleze don't be
afraid,"
And then on its back the saddle
laid.
But the hoss kicked up a wicked
heel,
Whereby my blud did most congeel,
And shook the saddle offen hiz hide

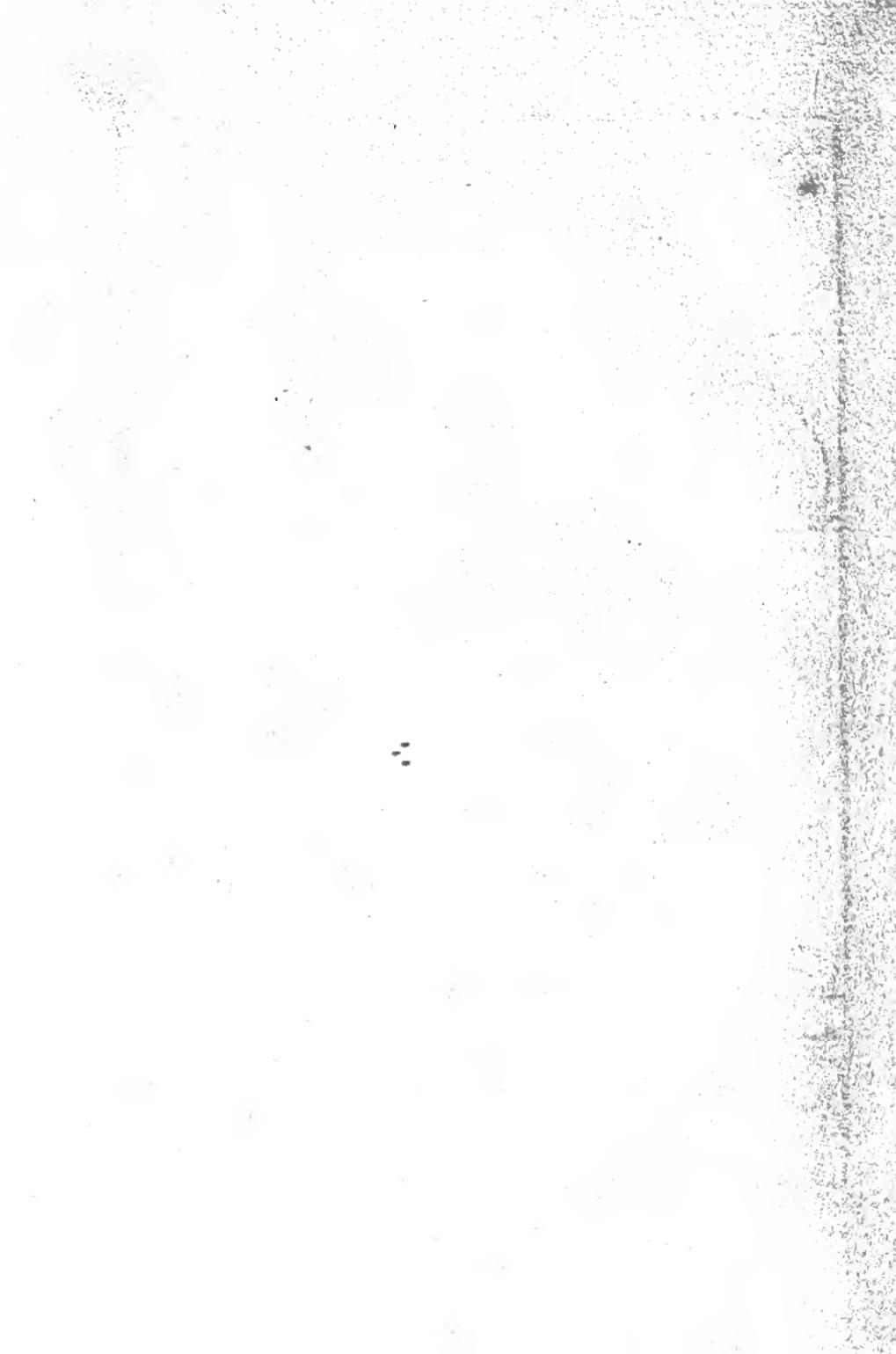
And walked away. The Sargent's
stride
Cum lumbering tord me. I did
shrink,
"You rookies wud drive the Lord
to drink,"
He thundered, and then he loudly
swore,
"You had that saddle on hind
part fore."
I didn't defend myself, but grinned
Reel sheepish that I thus had
sinned.
The Sargent, who's reely kind at
hart,
Fixed the hoss and giv me a start.
My foot in the sterrups, I jumped
with eeze
Into the saddle, my reins did seeze.
I waz so excited I hollered "Whoa",
Tho the Captin had giv the word
to go.
But the Sargent sed, "Giddap,
giddap!"
And giv my charger a awful slap
On the South end of his torso,
where
The tail frisks blithely in the air.
And then we waz off in a cloud
of dust,
I thot, "O God, in you I trust!"
I clutched the reins with a frenzied
smile,
My body thrown skyward all the
while,
My hoss waz frisky and liked to go,
Twaz all rite, but it josselled so.
I lost my faith in bit and rein
And hung on tite to the yellow
mane.
Over the hills and pinewood trails,

Nachur waz bursting. But bewty fails
 In a moment of such dire distress
 To stir my soal to its loveliness.
 Once my charger pricked up his eers,
 I sed, "Pleeze, hoss, don't hav no feers."
 And I gently stroked his eers and neck,
 But his tossing hed sum foam did fleck
 Into my anxious eyes and face,
 And then we started forth on a race.
 My hart froze up, to the mane I hung,
 Az over the mountain trails we flung,
 Hoss and rider in maddened flite,
 We soon left the others out of site.
 We jumped the ravines, tore throo' the trees,
 Snortng out flame az we cut the breeze.
 I roze like the billow of a wave,
 And hoped that the Lord my soal wud save.
 Sumtimes the saddle and me wud meet,
 But offenest I waz up six feet
 In the sky, clutching that hosses hair,
 And jabbering at a feebul prayer.
 But even when praying I felt the pain
 Of having to hit the saddel again,
 And I wished that it had cum to mind
 To tie a pillow on behind.
 Fin'lly we reeched a big, round ring,

'Twas the Bull Pen, which did horror bring.
 My hoss from habit made for a hurdle,
 And my blud begun to churn and curdel.
 I knew my doom had cum at last,
 But still I prayed and held on fast.
 My hoss made a run and roze on high
 And tossed me off into the sky.
 Nine days like Lucifer I fell
 Before I reeched the Port of Hell.
 Later my lifeless carkass they found
 In a krumped heep upon the ground.
 But I'm revived now, sitting on pillows,
 Thinking of how I roze on billows.
 Az a Kalverry trooper, I'm the bunk,
 But the Captin sed I showed sum spunk.
 He also added with a snicker,
 "For a small guy, you can bounce lots kwicker
 Than a can of Baked Beens on the fire,
 Furthermore you bounce lots higher
 Than a geyzer in its fullest ackshun,"
 And so I am a grate attrackshun
 In the Orderly Room. But still my hide
 Iz a blistered mass from that hoss back ride.
 I gess I'm laid up for a week,
 But will no more of my trubbels speek.
 Goodby, until my sore spots heel,
 I'll write agen when I normel feel.



*"I wisht that it had cum to mind
To tie a pillow on behind."*



AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE COLONEL

June 27.

Dere dierry, I am feeling better.
 This morning I receeved a swetter
 From one of the nineteen I adore,
 It sed "To My Hero." Nothing
 more
 This packedge's woolley folds did
 fill,
 Altho' I looked for a dollar bill
 Tucked away in a nook sumwhere
 To surprize me, taken unaware.
 Also she dozen't seem to rekall
 My phyzziogmany at all,
 Or else she thot I'd grown much
 fatter,
 At enny rate it dozen't matter.
 Altho the swetter dozen't fit,
 Still I shall keep it, sense twaz
 gnit
 By her. Besides at nite I can
 spred
 It like a blanket on my bed.
 The Captin took a shine to me,
 Sence my horseback riding he
 did see,
 And so the Troop Clerk's job
 desended
 On me and all my trubbelz ended.
 They made me a Sargent yesterday,
 Eight dollars more I'll get for my
 pay.
 The Captin also made me the boss
 Of a nice and gentle lady-hoss
 Named Delpheen cause its mane
 iz red,
 All my feers and trubbelz haz fled.
 But still, altho I rank so high,
 One of the Kernels riding by
 Did stop and in an angry burst

Told me I must salute him furst.
 I havn't had time to verify
 His statement, but I wonder why
 Tucker, who carries the bags
 of mail,
 Only a ornery Private, did fail
 To salute *me* az I husselled by,
 I gess I'll lern the reezon why.
 Dissiplin iz a splendid way
 To make these Privates lern to
 obey.
 This morning *I* went for the mail,
 Seeing as Tucker did weep and
 wail
 Bekawze his littel finger hurt,
 And so I anserred up reel curt,
 "You big slob, take another bath,"
 And then I walked off, white
 with wrath.
 A purty gurl handels the mail,
 And so I lingerred to tell the tale
 Of how my Sargent's stripes
 I'd won,
 And how I didn't salute *no one*,
 Not even the Kernel, 'less I
 wanted,
 And as to her these tales I
 flaunted,
 She sed, "There cumz the Kernel
 now,"
 My couradge seemed to levee
 sumhow.
 I grabbed the letters and left
 in haste,
 Thinking as how no time I'd waste,
 For enny spot becums infernal
 As soon as there arrives a
 Kernel.

But out in front where all
mite see
This Kernel run rite into me.
When I waz waving to that dame,
The impact of our bodies came.
The Kernel drew up to his hite,
He was a stern and outraged site.
We stood there in two feet of
space
And eyed eech other face to face.
And then, tho my anger burned
like fire,
I thot az how this man ranked
higher,
And hassened to salute him furst,
And the string what held the
letters burst.

They fell and scattered ev'rywhere,
The Kernel moved on with
pashunt air,
And I stooped down and tore my
britches,
Picking up mail from gutter and
ditches.
And not far away that dame did
giggle,
Sum day I'll make that Kernel
riggle!
Dere dierry, this subjick pains
me so,
No longer can I make words
to flow.



THE DREADED SOFA

July 9.

Dere dierry, a lady what lives in town
 Invited sum Troopers to cum down
 To a party which she giv last nite.
 Her parler waz a brilliant site.
 All of the belles in town waz there,
 And sum what had no bewty to spare.
 There waz three more homely than the rest,
 One of the three beeing flat of chest,
 Another looking like a balloon,
 A third whose hair had left too soon.
 They made for the sofy rite away,
 And there they sat till the brake of day,
 Wateing, wateing in dredful suspense,
 Wateing with bodies uprite and tense,
 Hoping 'gainst hope that by sum chance
 Somewun wud cum and ask them to dance,
 Hoping, groping, staring, saying
 Things beneath their breth and praying
 That God wud send sum man at last.
 Thus the endless hours passed.
 They sat there, graven images. Stone

Had petrified them bone by bone.
 They sat like sentinels of the nite
 To gard that sofy with their mite.
 They sat and never spoke a word,
 And yet their inmost thots we herd.
 They reminded me of pore Lot's wife,
 Who turned to salt in the prime of life.
 Their eyes did, glassy, bulge and bulge,
 And all of the tragedy did divulge.
 It stirred my pity, it touched my hart
 To see nobody taking their part.
 Their mizerry did move me so,
 I went to alleviate their woe.
 To the sofy I did thus advance,
 Eech looked up with a appealing glance.
 I hurreldy sed, "Tit, tat, toe,
 One, two, three, and out you go."
 The big balloon fell to my lot,
 Who waz deeply rooted to the spot.
 But fin'lly I got her frame in ackshun,
 Her smile showed evvident satisfaction.
 Disappointed, in utter gloom,
 The others sank back to their doom.
 My buxsom pardner and I set out
 Midst many a cheer, many a shout.
 In billows the lady's arms aroze
 Like a country pump what haz bin froze.
 We went off in a whirl of skirts,
 I thot, "Lord, how my left korn hurts!"

Just then the monster stepped
on it,
I had to clench my teeth and grit
To keep back the skorching teers.
We dashed
Around the room. Peepul waz
mashed
Into closets and corners ev'ry-
where,
And I waz in desperret need
of air.
Buckets of perspiration came,
She sed the wether waz to blame.
Thus we waddled like senseless
fools,
Turning 'round like gyratting
spools.
After a hour the enkores stopped,
My animated oktopus flopped
Back on the sofy, damp but
beeming,
And the other two sat sourly
skeeming.
I, with a sickly kweer smile,
Went to rest for a little while.
But the jellosee on other faces
Brot back my mind from dreemy
spaces,
And I returned for the Flat One.
She
Smiled sweetly and with faith
at me.
She was so stiff from where
she'd sat,
She only had one move down pat.
Twaz a sideward movement and
we went
Like a comet with its fury spent.
It waz a slow, a lingerring glide,
And when our steps didn't coin-
cide,
I stopped and let her take new aim,

While she told me of her dansing
fame.
Whenever a wall did stop us.
Then
We wud turn and go back home
agen.
'Tho twaz a tag dance none cum
rushing
To steel away this sweet and
blushing
Spinster. Even a dollar bill
Failed to loosen their obstinnet
will.
I dangled that dollar bill and
prayed
But none waz by my bribery
swayed.
Men what exist on a Private's pay
Did turn their heds and look away.
Fin'ly the muzick pawzed. Before
They cud begin another enkore,
I sed, "Excuse me, I must go,
My lower limms iz aking so."
And then I hid for a hour or two,
Until my sense of duty grew
Again, and then once more
returned,
And lo! I with excitement burned.
The hairless one dessended the
stair
With hat on and a going air.
I thot twaz safe her joy to
enhance,
And sed, "I'm sorry we missed
our dance."
Immediately my mind did wake
To the tragedy of my mistake.
With one wild move she took
her hat
And placed it where so long
she'd sat,
And floated in my arms and trod
Where my bursting corns did
ake and throb.



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*"I hurriedly said, 'Tit, tat, toe,
One, two, three, and out you go."*



She lumberred in a grim content,
And talked a blue streek az if
she ment
To make up for the silent hours
In which she sat on the pillowey
bowers.

Also with her I isecreem ate,
The victim of a onkind fate,
And when the morning hours cum,
I had to cart all three to hum.
Goodby, dere dierry, I can say,
I am a wizer yooth to-day.



JOHNNIE STANDS AT ATTENTION

July 16.

Dere dierry, Delpheen's verry nice,
So far she's only kicked me twice.
Her excentriccites I hav lerned,
She's touchy where her feet are
concerned.

This first I lerned the other day,
It cum in a onexpected way.

Az I waz kurrying her after a
ride,
Skraping the mud from offen her
hide,

I also desidied to clean her feet,
Which didn't my approval meet.
But she wudn't budge her left
hind hoof,

And I had to offer a reproof.
I slapped her with the Kurry kome
In a tender spot where the horse-
flies rome.

And then that left hind hoof
did rize,

And attained abnormel force and
size.

Konvulsively it met my face
And sent me backward kwite
a space.

The doktor has had to take a tuck
Where Delpheen's hind hoof roze
and struck.

And on the Sick Book I did go,
Which waz to me a awful blow.
To-day I waz on my feet agen,
And went to the stabels with
the men.

Delpheen wated in mute appealing,
I went to say I held no hard
feeling,

But my purpose waz misunder-
stood,
That same hoof flew az far az
it cud,
And hit my knee a awful crack,
So many stars cum, I lost track.
This afternoon my time iz free,
Bekawze of this welt upon my knee.
And so I'm doing personal things,
Which allus satisfaction brings.
I washed my soot of underware
And my other pare of sox with
care.

It's getting to be a barracks joke,
Whenevor my underware I soak,
I shiver without enny cover,
Az o'er the spigguts I do huvver.
And while its hanging up to dry,
I haff to go on my bunk and lie
Under my swetter for proteckshun.
To-day they had a dammed in-
speckshun.

A fat ole doktor poked in hiz hed,
The man in charge of kwarters
sed,

"Attenshun!" so I had to rize,
My form a-shivering before hiz
eyes.

Ole Stuffums never sed "At Eze,"
And so I stood with stiffened
kneeze,

And neether did he holler "Rest",
Which iz the order I love best.
So I stood neckked at attenshun,
The doktor evry'where did
menshun

That the shoos waz turned the
opposit way

From what he had ordered
yesterday,
That the flore waz bad in need
of skrubbing.
That the dore nobbs still cud stand
sum rubbing,
All this while out of a window
crack
A chilly breeze did hit my back.
I shivvered, but I stood my post,
The doktor beeing still engrossed
Telling how the blankets shud fold,
While I waz catching my deth of
cold,
Rubbing hiz finger where rub he
must,
Then holding it up to view the dust.

With a final leckshore he out did
flop,
Az I waz reeling, reddy to drop.
And at the dore with a skeptickle
wheeze,
He turned and pawzed, then sed,
"At Eze."
Goodbye, dere dierry, I still can
laff,
Tho' I rigid stood an hour and a
haff,
Tho I've got a welt upon my knee,
And a stich within my face you see,
Tho my underware's not dry
enuff,
And a terribul cold my hed doze
stuff.

BOUND FOR ARKANSAW

July 20.

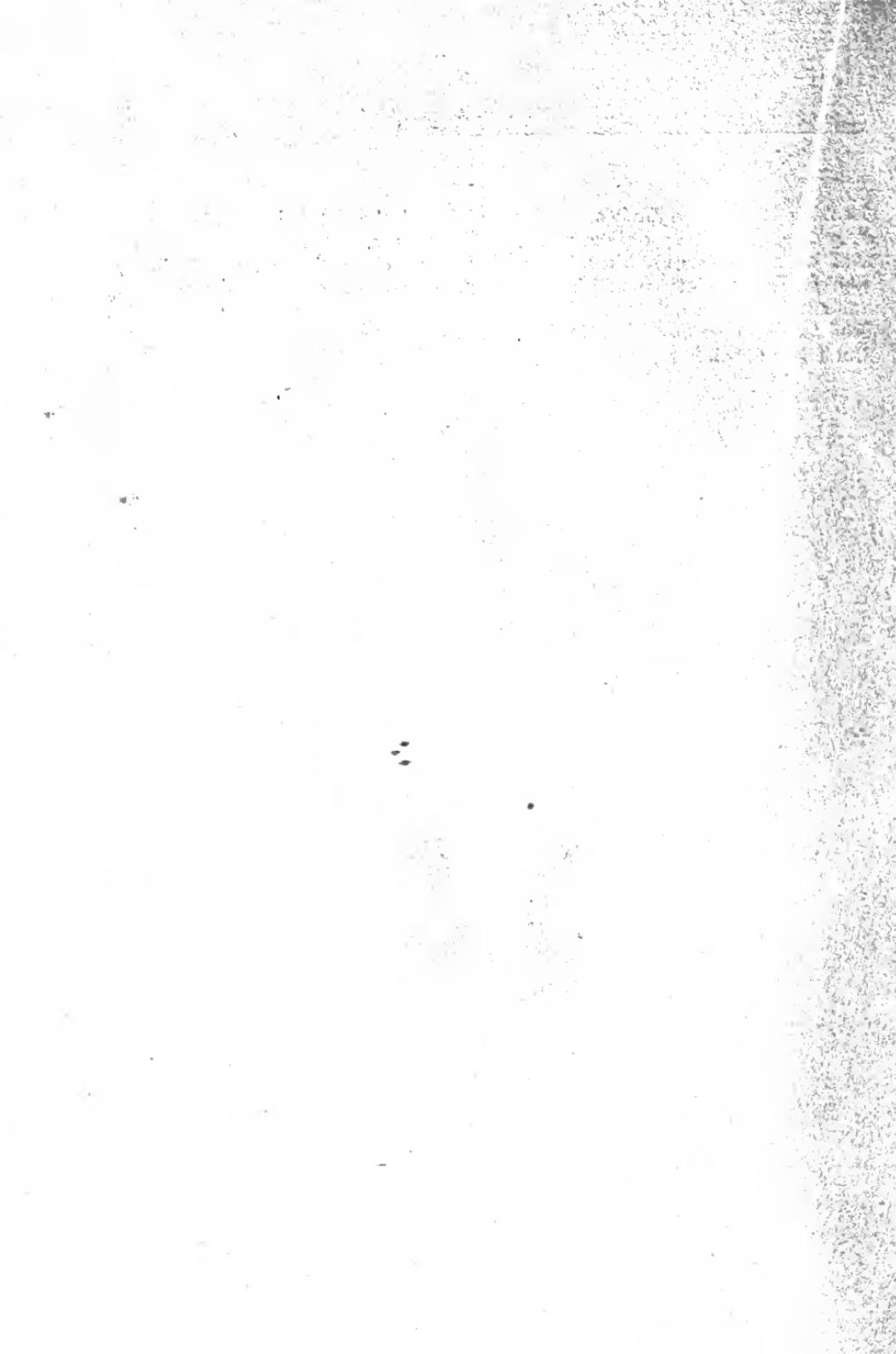
Dere dierry, I'm abord the train,
 I'll nevver see the Kalverry agen,
 I'm going to be a doe-boy now
 And get rite in the thick of the row.
 I'm bound for Camp Pike,
 Arkinnaw,
 When Tucker herd this he hollered
 "Law,
 You'll be rite neer to Pappy's
 farm,"
 Which filled me with a grate alarm.
 The reezon for this suddin move
 Iz that the Captain wants me to
 prove
 My rite to wear sum shiney bars
 Az well as the grim and homely
 skars
 What Delpheen giv me. So I'm
 bound
 For where the Arkinnaw River's
 found.
 Six the Genrul Order did rule
 Shud go to the 'Ossifers' Training
 Skule.
 We six are bound on a fast express
 To the Centrul Infuntry O. T. S.
 I sent Delpheen my last farewell
 By proxey, so I'm sound and well.
 Tucker shed bitter teers when I
 left,
 Beeing of his cheef tormentor
 bereft.
 The Captain giv my hand a skweeze,
 I shook with emoshun at my kneez.
 Old Monteray iz of the past,
 To Arkinnaw we're flying fast.
 This sleeper iz a stuffy place,
 We're living in two feet of space.

The six of us only have two
 seckshuns.
 We sleep heeped up in all
 direckshuns.
 And o its hot! I glissen with swet,
 My underware is ringing wet.
 We're crossing Arizony now,
 It don't appeal to me sumhow.
 We stopped at a place called Indio,
 Three peepul liv in its furniss glow.
 A fat lady cross the ile gasped,
 "Well,
 Thoze creatures 'll be prepared for
 Hell."
 Pore lady! she suffers frum the
 heet,
 Haff of the time she's stuck to
 her seet.
 She gasps in fluds of perspirashun,
 Calling the heroes of the nashun
 To move her evry hour or two.
 As we pull we hear the ripping
 gloo.
 Pore thing! she haz a upper berth,
 In which we hoist her up with
 mirth.
 It takes all six of us a hour
 To raze her with our cumbined
 power.
 And in the morning she has to
 dessend,
 Three of us helping at eech end.
 A thin old maid iz also along,
 Who thinks the world is doing her
 wrong.
 Last nite she lost her green silk
 waste,
 And up and down the ile she's
 paced,

Looking throo evrybody's clothes,
A grate big teerdrop on her noze.
And always in her serchin mission,
She seems to view me with
suspicion,
And lingers over my barracks bag,
But I haint took her old green rag.

Whew! the fat lady's beckoning
to me,
So I'll cloze this dere old dierry.
And here I'll end my Kalverry
story,
For I'm on my way to win new
glory.





HERE BEGIN
Johnnie's Letters Home

Which tell of things which happened
on the campus of the University
of California





*"Woof of the Floo is most afraid,
And covers his whole face and his beard
With a Turkish towel"*

THE FLOO MASK

Dere fokes, I'm garding 'genst
the Floo,
Wich all good paytriotics otta do,
Since there be such a eppidummick
It makes me sick down in my
stummick
To think of all what are feeling
low
With the Floo. O I nawziated grow,
And wear my Floo mask on my
eer
Becauze I am so full of fear.
There iz a order that everybody
Must wear a Floo mask, and 'tis
a study
In Humannachur to see the places
Where masks are hung on people's
faces.
Some I have seen upon the nose,
Some on the place where whiskers
grows,
Some on the eers, some on the
neck
Some on the hairs above, by heck.
Four on the place where wimmin
smile,
Some on their i-brows, onst in
a while.
One found a place on a wooman's
hat,
And among the birds and feathers
sat.
A feemale friend of mine told me
As how on Toosday she did see
Her prof. use his as a hankercheef
And now she says she'd just as lief.
And as for the Floo masks shape
and size,
Some people are astonishing wise.

The fat wimmin what are short
of breth
Are taking no chances of their deth
From windpipe stoppage so they
grin
Real sweet with warmers on their
chin.
One prof, with asma has made slits
In his, throo which he breethes
and spits.
And all the Channing Greekery
vamps,
Have purchased tiny postage stamps
Of Crape-de-sheen, small pinkish
dots
Which they stick on like bewty
spots.
Woof of the Floo is most afeard
And covers his whole face and
his BEARD
With a Turkish towel to keep away
The germs while he searches all
the day
For the sixth dimension, and I herd
Of another ancient mildood bird
What uses a washrag, cool and
sweet
To his chin what has the prickly
heet.
Floo Masks have their good
points, too,
Of which I'll enoomerate a few.
They mingle on an equal basis
All feemales, no matter what their
faces.
Vampires and pelicans, all alike,
Through the campus byways you
must hike.

And all the fellows' mustaches
are hid,
(Of this newsance, I am glad
we're rid).
One prof. I know with a squeeky
voice
Has a class what wears these
masks by choice.
Beecause they thus can safely
shriek,
And laff at each new funny
squeek.
Also behind them we can gap,
And nobody then can care a rap.
And if the masks are big enuff,

One can chew gum and pinch
his snuff
And sleep with safety and eat
a bit
And think a lot of obseen wit.
O fokes, this is a funny erth,
Into which you have give me birth,
We go around like muzzled dogs,
And snort and breathe and act
like hogs.
O I look up to Parrydise
Where peepul breathe and all
iz nice.
Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

JINRICKSHAWS

Dere fokes, I'm sorry I forgot
 To write last nite, but I was not
 In enny fit condition then
 To try to juggle with a pen.
 And, so I thot I'd let it go
 Hoping that you wud never knoe
 The cirkumstances, but I feel
 Az now around the room I reel
 That you shud knoe how I did fall
 From grace by ansering Browzie's
 call.
 On Satterday I to Okeland went
 And fifty cents on likker spent
 In "the Forum" (not a magazine,
 Nor a Greecyan market where
 men kween)
 But a simpul restroom with a bar,
 From which the Play Fiddles keep
 kwite far.
 Hither I went with a reg'lar hound,
 A feller who cud be most drown'd
 In beer and still walk fast and
 strate,
 But such, alas, waz not my fate.
 We stuck our feet upon the rail
 And I knew now I cudn't kwail.
 He sez, "A slow-jinrakkishaw,"
 I sez, "A fast one, pleze" and saw
 A look of awe kreep over his
 face,
 And so I sez "Let's have a race,
 To see which one can drink the
 most"
 Wherefore he sed, "Great Ceezar's
 goast!"
 The race begun, I flopped down
 mine
 Into my stommick and sed
 "Fine,"

Another and my eyes shone
 briter,
 A third and now my belt was
 titer,
 The fourth spilt partly on the flore,
 But I sez, "Ozwald, bring on
 more."
 And soon my stommick prickled
 sum
 And things within my hed did
 hum.
 I felt reel gay and laffed and
 laffed
 Az more jinrakkishaws I kwaffed.
 Fin'lly my frend says "Let's go
 home,
 You're getting foolish in your
 dome."
 'Twaz eezier sed than dun be-
 kawze
 I'd drunk those fast jin-rakki-
 shaws.
 But I on the strete car fin'lly lit,
 And had a kweer dezire to spit
 On the lady's shoe rite next to me,
 And so I did in order to see
 How kuick it wud evaporate,
 But she got mad and didn't wate.
 Going home my hed went round
 in whirls,
 My hair waz falling in long curls
 Around my nees and it did seem,
 Az if a Orriental dreem
 Waz waying down my mind.
 My legs
 Reminded me of beer kegs
 And my arms waz waiving up
 and down

Throo' the kwiet streets of Berke-
ley town.
Home I arose and went to bed
And placed my washrag on my
hed.
Todae my hed still akes, and, maw,

I dont krave enny jinrickkishaw.
Goodby, and say a prayer for me
Eeach time I go upon a Sprea.
Forgive me, family, every wun,
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.



SUSPENDERS AND TEA FIGHTS

Dere fokes, my hed is popping full
 Of things to tell you, so the bull
 I'm going to sling you. 'Twas
 a weke
 Which did with dizzy payshun
 reke.
 On Friday p. m. first I went
 To the 'Tater house and there
 I spent
 Ten minutes going down the row
 Where all the young pertaters
 grow.
 They beemed on me and I beemed,
 too,
 And in my brest a feeling grew
 Of friendship for each Freshman
 'Tater,
 Eech one of whom I shall kween
 later.
 Sum dame brot me sum skwashy
 kake,
 I took it for politeness sake.
 Another dame rushed up behind
 To skair me, and befuddled my
 mind
 So much I dropped my gnawed-at
 kake
 On the flore. It spread out like
 a lake.
 And so I went to the Skrappar
 house
 And entered silent like a mouse.
 The sisters waz elaborate dressed,
 And made a hit on eech new
 gest,
 Eech feemale seemed to talk at
 once,
 But the men did only issue grunts,
 And, ill at eeze, each stood around

Trying to be a tee-fite hound.
 The crowds waz thick. I slowly
 plodded
 Till I cum to where the Fresh-
 men nodded.
 Sum had bewty and sum had wit,
 But all of them waz fizzickly fit.
 They nodded me by with utmost
 haste
 And life seemed a dim and dreery
 waste.
 But a reel nice upperclassman
 cum
 And smiled and made me feel
 to hum.
 Two cups of coffee was giv to me,
 I balanced one upon eech knee,
 And held the ice kreem on eech
 arm
 And prayed I wuldn't cum to
 harm.
 I waz in peril, I'll admit,
 Az I on the Scrapper flore did sit.
 And still the granjur brot a thrill,
 Az I on the wholesum food did
 fill.
 That nite the Devlish Annas
 danced
 And I on their institoot advanced,
 And had a fine time shimmying
 there,
 My dame and I waz a skittish
 pair.
 'Twaz only once I thot I'd croak
 'Twaz when my durned suspenders
 broke.
 It happened rite out on the flore
 There cum a bust, then nothing
 more.

My hart stood still and my pants
did sink,
My blud froze up and I tried to
think
Of something to do, but only cold
swet
My forred and cheeks did cum to
wet.
When my pants had fin'ly fell
two feet,
And my B. V. D's. the krowd
did greet,
I cudn't stand it any more

And stumbled wildly 'cross the
flore.
Sum guys cum with a safety pin
And I returned with a sheepish
grin.
Pleze send me kwick another pair
Of suspenders which I need to
wear
This coming weke. Now I must
run.
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.



PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

Dere fokes, on aite wheels now
I run
And many a plawdit I have won.
I am a graceful earey site
Whirling around in the ded of
nite.
Sadly of Saterrday nite I think,
When we stepped out to the skat-
ing rink.
Ten of us went and only fore
Had ever had on skates before.
However I thot it 'twud be best
To roll forth with a bulging chest,
Az if I was a krafty skater,
But 'twaz an erer I lerned later.
The boy strapped on my skates.
I stood
Up stiffly like a block of wood,
Feeling unsteddy and afeard
To move and then sum feemale
cheered
Derizively. I started in
On my mad whirl with a sicken-
ing grin.
I went forth boldly on my flite
Hoping to do well, just from spite.
Six strokes I took and all waz
well,
I'd moved six inches and never
fell.
And then I moved again, kuite
bold,
In a long and graceful sweep
I rolled,
But sumthing happened to the
wheels,
And even now my blud congeels
Az I think of my puzzled, grew-
sum dred

And the way the flore and me
did wed.
One feller with a sick necktie
Of green did see me going by
And laffed and sed with feeble
wit
That in one count the flore I'd
hit.
I'd like to have punched him,
goodness knows,
But pekulyarly I never roze
In time, and he on wheels waz
gone
Like winged Mercury at the
dawn.
Feeling kwite black and blue I
turned
And for a resting place I yerned,
But peepul blocked my ev'ry
way,
And yet it waz onsafe to stay.
Feebly agen I whirling went
Over the miles of rink and spent
Fore hours and a half until I
came
Back to the starting place. My
fame
Roze high in leaps and bounds.
They tell
That "forty-three times Johnnie
fell."
Fin'ly I reched my friends.
My bones
Waz broozed and aking. Feerful
groans
Aroze from ev'ry joint and
mussel
I'd had a life and deth like tussel.



"My wheels went out frum under me."

When a nice bench did hove in
site
I tried to end my maddened flite,
But the blamed wheels kept
agoing. Fear
Agen my kwivering spine did
speer.
I hollered "Look Out, Gangway
Pleze,"
But az this warning I did wheeze,
I hit full blast a feemale party,
Who when I hit her lap said
"Smarty"
And pushed me brootally away,
And chewed her gum in a bullying
way.
One of my dames came to my aid,
But I soon wished that she had
stayed
Away, for az she tottered nere,
The gink with the green necktie
did leer
And racing past, he shoved her
arm,
She reeched for me in great alarm.
My wheels went out frum under
me,

And both of us shiney stars did see.
And so we littered up the flore
And we waz tramped on more
and more
Till fin'ly a clanging bell rung out,
And there waz many a cheer and
shout,
It waz the signal for a race,
And we waz still in that feerful
place
Waiting our deth from flying feet
But soon the gards did kussing
greet
Us and did sweep us off the rink,
To-day my helth iz on the blink.
I never agen shall wheel on
skates,
Unless the Lord my reezon takes,
Goodby, dere family, pray that I
From my bad injerries will not die.
Pleze send me kwick a soft silk
shirt,
So that my broozes will not hurt.
God bless you, family, ev'ry one.
I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE BATHING GIRLS

Dere fokes, my mind with madness
reels,
I push away my hash at meels,
I lie awake for owwers at nite,
I don't enjoy the passing flite
By Wheeler Hall. I'm silent, too,
And skinny, like I had the Floo.
The reezon that I'm so unwell
Iz that I went and saw and fell
For the Bathing Feemales at
the show,
Tiz that which has disturbed me
so.
These bathing girls cum frum the
beech
In order that they here mite teech
Our kolledge ko-eds what to wear
Out in the sun and foam and air.
They've took the kampus by
surprize,
And all—both innocent and wize
Have gone to see, then gone agen,
I'm speecking 'spechully of the men.
I first did go on Fryday nite,
And slinked in filled with timid
frite,
With two other guys who kraved
to see
These Bathing Girls at the T
and D.
The theayter waz pitch black. We
entered
When all iyes on the stage was
centerred.
Unforchunetly the first ten rows
Waz filled with eeger kollidge
Joes,
Who'd erly cum to get down nere
(Not to see the pitchurs, I fere),

And so we had to sit back far
But this, however, didn't mar
Our interest in the lovely sites
Goin' on behind the brite foot lites.
We saw sum seats down a long
row
And over the knees begun to go.
We skweezed and pushed and
skwirmed and riggled.
Sum kollidge girls observed and
giggled,
But most of the peepul waz dis-
gusted
That we into their midst had
busted,
And made our entrance so bee-
lated,
And spoiled their view. Hence
we waz hated
By all whoze kneezez waz in our
way,
'Twuz many a mean thing they did
say.
My iyes waz so glood on the stage
I tripped akross sum fat "old
age,"
Who groaned and crashed back
in her seet
And rubbed her aking legs and
feet.
Fin'ly we reeched what seemed a
void,
Where no one seemed to be
annoyed.
So we sunk down in grate releef
In the bathing girls to drown our
grief.
But az I sat in the dark chasm,
A lady skreemed and had a spazm

Beneeth me, for I wrong had sat
 On a little ole maid who wazn't
 fat
 Enuff to hold me, so I left,
 And beeing of a sitting place be-
 reft,
 I kneeled down on the dirty flore,
 From whence the view waz very
 pore.
 But still I got a eye-full and
 I thot myself in Fairyland.
 Those bathing bewties danced
 about
 (Which brot from the kollidge
 men a shout)
 And showed their bathing costumes
 which
 Did often need a timely stitch,
 And the rithum of the human body,
 Which iz a fascinating study.

I watched. My eyes popped out
 and bulged,
 Az their charms the bathing
 soots divulged.
 I sat until both shows was ended,
 And then my homeward way I
 wended.
 My mind cud hardly think a-tall,
 'Twas filled with the bewty of
 it all.
 On Saterday nite again I went,
 And four enrapshured owwers
 spent.
 To-nite 'tiz Visit Number Three
 That I'm making to the T and D.
 O Bathing Girls, pleze cum to
 kollidge
 And add to our esthetic Nolledge,
 Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,
 I am Your Every Effechunate Son,
 JOHNНИE.



AUNT JANE

Dere fokes, I'm pretty neer wore out,
 Sense I've becum such a gad-about.
 Last Friday nite twuz cold and wet
 And in the rain I went to get
 My dansing pardner whose abode
 Iz found on a suberban rode
 In Alameda. There I went
 By street car and two hours wuz spent
 In going. O my bones did ake
 From all the jolts the car did take.
 When we did reech the end of the line,
 I took it that it must be the sine
 For getting off, so in the rain
 I started forth to find "Aunt Jane,"
 Who is the guardeen of my dame
 When she's in kollidge. Her other name
 I didn't know, so I did hope,
 Az in the darkness I did grope,
 That I wud find the house all rite
 Tho I'd forgot the number. Nite
 Closed in about me, dark and wet,
 I sed, "I'll think of that number yet."
 But it complete had left my mind
 And try as I did, I culdn't find
 It more. O I did frantick grow,
 Az throo' the wet paths I did go.
 And then I remembered she had sed
 In whispers with a cold in her hed,
 By telephone, "The house is shingle,"

With suddint hope my thots did tingle,
 And as I mused, fond memory brott
 Another trezure that I sott.
 She'd sed, "The house next dore is white,"
 My emoshun wuz a piteous site.
 And so I tried eech shingle home
 Next to a white one and did rome
 About for sevrel blocks or miles
 I gess it wuz. Both frowns and smiles
 Did meet me at each shingle dore
 But ignorants and nothing more
 Did greet my oft repeated kweery,
 Which I did utter, week and weery,
 "Can you pleze tell me if Aunt Jane Doze live here?" I think that they insane
 Did stamp me. But I persevered
 As throo' the lanes my legs I steered.
 There waz one lady, stern and thin,
 Who peeked throo' a dore. And I did grin.
 Thinking she must be a old maid,
 Becawze she looked so thin and staid,
 I up and sed, "Are you Aunt Jane?"
 She shuddered and shut me out in
 in the rain.
 Another, a fat man once did cum,
 "The wimmin fokes are not to hum,"
 He sed and softly closed the dore,

And there wuz rain and nothing more.
 A bent old woman once appeared
 Who looked at me as tho' afeard,
 I sed "Perhaps you're Aunt Jane's maw,"
 She sed "I'm a stranger here;" I saw
 That she was skeart of me and so
 Agen in the black nite I did go.
 Fin'ly at ten o'clock I found
 Aunt Jane's abode. The bell didn't sound
 And so I pounded on the dore,
 At first twuz silence, nothing more.
 Aunt Jane with nite cap on her hed
 Announced that all had gone to bed,

But still I had her wake her neese,
 "Such nonsense henceforth you must ceese,"
 She sed. But enny way we went,
 And then two hours more wuz spent
 In getting to the danse. And there Familyar notes fell on the air.
 Az they played, the dansers all arose,
 Twuz the national anthem which did close
 The danse. We cawt the last car home,
 And never again so far I'll rome.
 Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,
 I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.



THE MILKY WAY

•

Dere fokes, my life's a soshial whurl,
 No time hav I to set and twirl
 My fingers for theres lots to do
 If one a dozen' girls would woo.
 Last Friday nite some frends and me
 Stepped forth to the city for to see
 ShakeSpeare's genus at its hite,
 In Omelet —twuz a tragic site.
 The speeches beeing rather long
 And nary a dance and nary a song,
 I sat back with a amuzed air
 Observin' Human Natchure there.
 A woman sat in front of us
 Who made a everlastin' fuss.
 Eech word she said wud cawse to wiggle
 Her eerrings, my dame did gigle
 And me and the others laffed out lowd,
 Cawsing sum protest from the crowd.
 In back a man to sleep nere gone
 Did yawn a most prodidjus yawn.
 His open mouth showed he wuz old,
 It beein' mostly gums and gold.
 To pass the time I looked to see
 How many balled heds there mite be
 In seein' distance and I found,
 Both oval, skware, oblikque and round,
 A total sum of thirty seven,
 Which had no hair and then eleven
 Which had a littel, almost none,
 Which looked like specks upon the sun.

The play wuz grand. My soal wuz stirred,
 Especially when the deths okkured.
 The next day beein' awful hot
 A glass of buttermilk I got
 In the sandwetch shop where I espide
 Two laydey friends who beamed with pride
 When me they saw cavorting in, Perspiring with a plezent grin.
 They both wuz seeted at a taybel Whitch they had choze 'cawze they wuz able
 From it to see the passing throng
 Umhampered az they marched along.
 And also to resiprocate
 By showing themselves in a "tay-ta-tate."
 They beckoned me to cum and set With them. And I beein' overhet Sunk damp and sticky in a chair, And wisht I didn't haff to wear So many clothes. I also prayed That since pore me they had way-layed
 That they wud get a seperret bill.
 The food they'd bawt waz enuff to kill
 A giant. Az I gazed dummfounded I hoped my feres wuz not well grounded,
 That all those sandewetches and pie
 And waffels, which did also lie There and the cups of choklitt, too,
 And the marmelaide and other goo

Wud be charged up to my slim
purse
And then another thot still worse
Did seeze me. O if ' shud fail
To have enuff. I turned reel pale
And suffered terrible suspense
Fondling my dime and thirty cents
In my pocket. Then they brought
me in
My buttermilk. My hed did swim
And reel with awful apprehenshun,
My nerves waz rawt up to that
tenshun
Where they run loose, and so
unmeaning,
My elbow on the taybul leaning,
When the wateress suddenly did say
"I gess the gentleman will pay?"
My heart in icey dred did leep,
My elbow took a suddint sweep
And sped the buttermilk in the
air,
Like a cloudburst it did settle
where
The crisp new sandwetches did lay,
And made of them a milky way.
In horror I jumped to the flore

And doing so overturned some
more
Which still waz left. I muttered
"Hasen!
Somebody bring a mop and basin."
The wimmin sat there, cold and
grim,
And watched their waffles splash
and swim
Until sum buttermilk did trickle
Down where their nees was and
did tickle
Them and spoiled eech Eester dress,
"O Lord!" I sed, "What a awful
mess."
And then I met the laydey's eye
Who runs the shop. And I did fly
In terror out the nerest dore,
Which I'll not darken ennymore.
Offen I dreem of her and shake
My self to see if I'm awake
And even then I think its real,
My life iz sure one grand ordeal.
Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectshunate
Son,

JOHNNIE.



"On the Rolly Koster we lost our breath."

AT IDORA PARK

Dere fokes, I'm tired of the soshial stuff
 And ake agen to akt reel tuff,
 And so last nite a frend and me
 To Adorer Park excitement lends.
 What we cud find to stimulate
 Our joy in living and so in state
 With two feemales of soshial caste,
 Into th' alluring gates we passed.
 The brite lites and the gambling dens
 To Adorer Park excitement lends,
 The girls at first did stout pro-clame
 That they wuz sorry they had came
 To risk their lives and lose their
 curls
 On all them darksome brethless whirls.
 One of them sed that sense her birth
 She never had ariz from earth
 And wudn't now, so not to teezer,
 Lest suddint wrath should ominus seezer
 And bring a Eppileptick fit
 (Altho' she appeared kwite sound
 of wit).
 But the aeroplane (hung to a chain)
 With dezire to fly did seeze my
 brain.
 And so, although myself afeard,
 I told my dame not to get skeered
 With me along. So she and I
 Around in a ring in the air did fly.
 We went so fast our neeze did
 shake,
 I held her tite for safety's sake.

The motion made me see-sick! "O,"
 I prayed, "O, airship, go more slow!"
 My dame with suddint boldness fired
 Sed, when we'd stopped, she wuzn't tired,
 But I crept out and her forsook,
 And seein' az I had the pocket book
 She soon cum after, and we went
 To the merry-go-round. There
 wuz spent
 A wild hilarious time a-riding,
 And off the slippery horses sliding.
 Our other cupple we found there,
 O. K. but sumwhat wurse for wear.
 The horses beeing sorter mild,
 My dame sed, "Let's do something wild."
 Taking her at her word we entered
 "The Whip"; excitement there is centred
 With dubble force. The crooked track
 Sends shivers up the small of your back.
 My dame clung willing. When I held
 Her tite she never once rebelled.
 We liked it, so we rode six times,
 Till I found that I wuz out of dimes.
 And then we joined the other pair,
 They having sum money still to spare.
 On the Rolly Koster we lost our
 breth,

The dames both gurgled az if
Deth
Wuz coming. So I held mine tite
And spanked her back when she
grew white.
Altho' enjoyin' the fizzickle thrill
Which cum in the sudden drop
downs. Still
My stummick's scooped out feel-
ing grew
To such proportions that I knew
How it must feel to be in love
And so I prayed the Lord abuv
Wud keep me from a harsh attack
Of lovesickness. When we wuz
back

Upon the dry ground still once
more
We soft the crowded dansing flore,
Where, chewin' gum and holdin'
tite,
We wuz as tuff as enny that nite.
On sich occashuns such as these
A demerkrattick sense doze pleze
Me. Bathing in Humanity
Doze help releeve inannity,
And so agen we fore shall chase
To this tuff but captivating place,
Goodby, dere family, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectshunate
Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE BELGIAN BABY BALL

Dere fokes, a feemale I did hawl
 To hear the Beljun babies bawl.
 At the 'Tater house my dame was
 dressing
 Reel slow, I spoze to keep me
 gessing,
 And so I sat and dummlly wated
 Az my new black shoes I kontemplated.
 An hour and a half and may be
 more
 I viewed the dust on the 'Tater's
 flore,
 And then I rendered "Three Blind
 Mice"
 On the pianny. It did sound so
 nice
 And brought such cheer to the
 house.
 Five times I rendered each blind
 mouse.
 The pianny beeing out of tune,
 My dame cum rushing down reel
 soon,
 To say the housemarm's hed did
 ake
 And so I ceesed my big mistake.
 In a strete car, we in pomp did
 ride,
 And both my shoestrings cum
 untied,
 Due to our running for the car,
 And also I obtained a skar
 From hoisting my dame up the
 step,
 Beeing az her skirt waz tite. My
 pep
 Did most giv out at this sad
 junkshun

But on we went to the Soshial
 Funkshun.
 A multitood was at this dance,
 Perhaps five hundred pairs of pants
 Waz present and a thousand
 wimmin,
 (One half of which waz used for
 trimmin
 The empty walls) and plenty of
 money
 Waz razed to buy kows' milk and
 honey
 For the Beljun babies. None will
 starve,
 Indeed I figger they can karve
 A turkey on eech holliday
 For these babies az they cum from
 play.
 Their Golden Goose has laid a
 egg
 The size of a normel beer kaig.
 'Twuz the Dee Gee sisters giv' this
 ball
 In anser to the Beljuns' call,
 And I proklame them sure-enuff
 ladies
 For beeing so nice to the Beljun
 babies.
 Demokracy waz at the ball,
 All types one saw around the wall.
 The pore, the fat, the rich, the
 thin,
 All helped out in the drone and
 din.
 But all agreed in the shimmy's
 kraze,
 And none there did objeckshun
 raze.

One kuttle, kookoo in their up-
stairs
Did wall off a corner with sum
chairs
And jumped like monkeys in this
space,
A gargoyle grin upon eech face.
They twirled and whirled and
hopped and bowed
To the bewilderment of all the
krowd,
They jumped and bumped and
dipped and skipped,
And I laffed until my garter
ripped.

Then I stood still, a trembling
martyr
To the whim of that Pareesian
Garter.
It groaned, it creaked, it palpitated
In suspense and agony I waited.
But it hung, thank God, by one
mere thread
Until I safely got to bed.
Dere fokes, I'd rather hav' a
toomer
Than be without a sense of humor.
Goodby, my family, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Effectioonate
Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE PRYTANEAN FETE

Dere fokes, last nite I skipped around
 At the Prettyneen Fait and plezur found
 In all the wild excitement there,
 In all the gay Boheemian air.
 Konfetti and the blare of drums,
 And ballay girls and campus bums,
 The sound of revelry by nite,
 The kaffay's brite alluring lite,
 The bags of candy that I ate,
 All this made up the Prettyneen fate.
 I also saw sum cheep side shows,
 And wimmin tramped upon my toes
 To make me buy sum seets therein.
 Even if I'd alreddy bin
 They made me buy sum more. I spent
 My own cash and what others lent.
 I dansed with a little Chinese girl
 Who waz a Oriental perl,
 She grabbed her male frends by the kollar
 And made them each spend half-a-dollar
 On the "Follies," then she wudn't danse
 Until they dove down in their pants
 And brot the remainder of their money
 For her melting pot, she thot 'twaz funny.
 All the admiring men waz thrilled,
 And the Prettyneen's Koffers waz well filled.

I marched in the Grand Pro-cesshun, too,
 With a klassy lady that I knew.
 She waz dressed up az a cirkus tent,
 And peepul cheered wherever she went.
 She wore a flagpole on her hed,
 Az she marched with a imposing tread.
 The first prize went to the "Pop-korn Dame"
 Whoze strings of popcorn won her fame.
 A fat old farmer cum out sekund
 He had three teeth and said he reckoned
 The crops was doing mitey pore,
 And then he skooted out the dore.
 I went into the Fashion Show,
 It cost me twenty cents to go,
 But it waz surely worth the bill,
 Those feemales waz dressed fit to kill.
 I went in a fortune telling booth,
 Where a Gypsy sed she'd tell the trooth
 About me, then she kalmly sed,
 "Sum day, young man, you're going to wed."
 Then added, (her voice waz hard and dry),
 "Sum day, young man, you're going to die."
 This prophecy did stir me so,
 No longer can I plezur know
 My soal is wretched, full of gloom,
 Az I think of my impending doom.

To die is bad enuff, but oh!
'Tis the marrying which doze
greeve me so.
Goodby, dere fokes, pleze send a
check,

For I am a pore, financial wreck.
Chip in sum money, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Efftshunate
Son,
JOHNNIE.



BOLSHEVISM

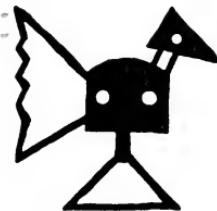
Dere fokes, the whole world I did
see
Shimmying at the Freshie Glee.
Under the purpel forrest's roof,
Many a mean and wicked hoof
Was shaken, many a eye did close
In the thrill of this ungainly poze.
When cheek meets cheek, tiz
surely time
To expose this evil deed in rime,
And so I'm going to tell the plot,
Of why they shiver in one spot,
Of why they rub eech other's nozes
Agenst the written law of Moses,
Of why they breathe a mutual
breth,
Which mite result in dizeeze or
deth.
The whole thing cumz from Bol-
shevism
Which seeks the kriminal baptizm
Of all the world, which seeks to
win
Humanity for blud and sin.
And seeks this end in hidden ways,
Among which is this shimmy
kraze.
Leenine and Trotzky did invent
This suttel evil. Hours waz spent
In perfecting this, their Grand
Design
Kalkillated to bring in line
America to Bolshevism
And thus effect a mitey Skizm
Betwixt the Allies. And it seems
Az if they mite attain their
dreems,
Unless we start a social war
To stop it 'fore it goes too far.

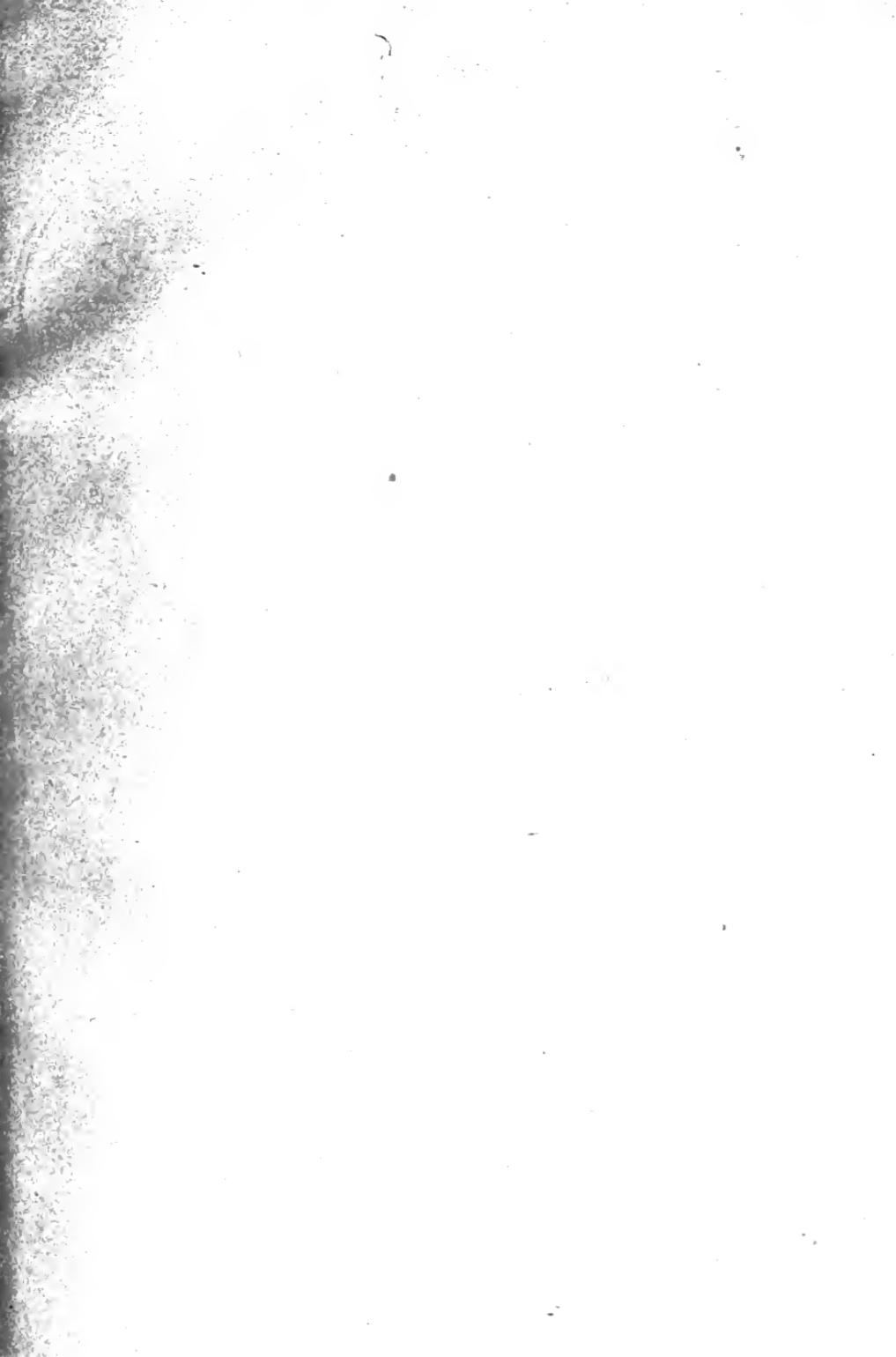
When the innosence of youth takes
to it,
'Tis time to grab the vinegar
kruit
And pour some oil upon the flame,
Before it eats away our name.
This lingering, kwivering, shiv-
erring dance
Doze feblemindedness enhance,
It stunts the mental growth of
youth,
And sways them from the paths
of trooth.
It nullifies and deddens reezon
And starts a Bolshevikky treezon
'Gainst social codes and dry con-
vention
And other things I needn't mention.
It makes for luxury's weekening
spell,
Remember Rome and how it fell!
And at the Freshie Glee they
shimmied,
There waz none there that waz too
timid
To slap Convention in the face,
And shiver in one inch of space.
And at the Pie-Fry house next
nite,
Another Bolshevikky site
Did greet my pained and greeving
eyes,
Sisters of every shape and size
Waz shimmying, their eyes closed
tite
To avoid the harsh and search-
ing lite.
Even the Feemale Prezzident
Of the Animated Wimmen spent

Her time in shimmying. O my
Lord
Let peece and reezon be restored!
Keep us from Bolshevikism's
kurse,
Bring on the shimmy's blackened
hearse.
Goodby, dere family, take to hart
The lesson that I here impart,

Pleaze don't shimmy in our front-
room,
Or we'll feel red Bolshevikism's
doom.
And tell the town foke, ev'ry one,
I am Your Ever Efftshunate
Son,

JOHNNIE.











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